

O D E S.

840. L. 4
14

By THE REV. F. HORLAND.

K..

SÆPE MANUS DEMENS, STUDIIS IRATA SIBIQUE,
MISIT IN ARSUROS CARMINA NOSTRA FOCOS;
ATQUE ITA DE MULTIS QUONIAM NON MULTA SUPERSUNT,
CUM VENIA, FACITO, QUISQUIS ES, ISTA LEGAS.

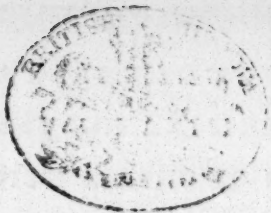
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O D E I.

From the FRENCH of MONSIEUR FENELON.

I.

MOUNTAINS *, whose stupendous brows,
Scale high Heav'n with arduous pride;
And, cover'd with eternal snows,
Prop the domes where Gods abide;
Here, beneath your oaken gloom,
Far above each rolling cloud,
Ev'ry flow'r of vernal bloom
I collect; and hear aloud
Dreadful thunders strike the ground
Below my feet, and all around
A thousand cataracts resound.

A

* Mountains of Auvergne.

II.

Like to Thracian hills, of old
Pil'd on other mountains high,
Whence the giant, vainly bold,
Threaten'd to assail the sky ;
From your many heads sublime,
Forming each an ample plain,
Other mighty mountains climb ;
Whose ambitious tops sustain
All the fury of the skies,
When impetuous winds arise.

III.

Soon as rosy morn is seen,
Gilding with her cheerful ray
All those shaggy mountains green,
Tender lambkins rise, and stray,
Bleating o'er the pasture-land :
Shades, the rivulets along,
Waving high with zephyrs bland,
Court the swains and fleecy throng
To soft slumbers on the ground,
While the water murmurs round.

IV.

But, ah! those savage hills and farms,
 Where capricious Nature reigns,
 Lavish of romantic charms,
 How unlike the beauteous plains
 Where my gentle river flows;
 River, whose smooth surface bright
 No rude tempest ever knows;
 But mild sun-beams still invite,
 Autumn gone, the vernal air,
 Winter never howling there.

V.

Sweet Solitude! whose peaceful bounds,
 Sacred to musings, hear alone
 The broad cascade with awful sounds
 Tumbling, foaming, hurrying on:
 Circled by the azure streams
 Two umbrageous Isles arise,
 Fraught with all that Fancy's dreams
 Can pourtray to charm the eyes:
 O that my feeble lyre could praise
 Your beauties in immortal lays!

VI.

Zephyr with his balmy breath
Visiting our groves again;
Yellow harvests wave beneath,
As he flutters o'er the plain:
Hence Ceres, Goddess of the year,
Bursts our barns with genial food:
Bacchus too, the vintage near,
Swells his clust'ring grapes with blood;
Or down the hills with jolly pride,
Laughing, pours the purple tide.

VII.

Where the fields are seen no more,
With their golden produce bright,
Mountains rise; and, azur'd o'er
By distance, seem to fly the sight:
Their fantastic forms and rude
Nature's sportive genius own.
By the margin of the flood,
As in a faithful mirror shown,
The resplendent skies appear,
Painted in the crystal clear.

VIII.

Mix'd with vernal beauties, shine
 Lavish Autumn's grateful boons ;
 And from the branches of the vine
 Hang a thousand gay festoons.
 Enamour'd of the flow'ry meads,
 That in those isles his streams adorn,
 Now the capricious river leads
 A sleeping train ; then, swiftly borne
 Along, and with a brawling sound
 The verdant carpets bathes around.

IX.

Singing to the bagpipe sweet,
 And loud hautboy, swains are seen ;
 While to measur'd sounds their feet
 Beat the flow'r-impurpled green :
 Birds, with warblings void of art,
 Filling the delightful groves,
 Banish care from ev'ry heart :
 Ye ring-doves, and ye turtle-doves,
 True, tender, plaintive ! ye alone
 Within my woods are heard to moan.

X.

On a bank of fragrance mild
 When my careless limbs I lay,
 Soft abstractions, vague and wild,
 Steal me from myself away :
 Rapt in transports so divine,
 Eager I quaff the nectar'd bliss,
 While the gazing Gods repine:
 Ye court-infesting flatteries!
 Ye, like my dreams, fond hopes betray;
 As false, but far less sweet than they.

XI.

Shelter'd from the gloomy storms,
 That burst in thunder on the great,
 Beneath the shade my foliage forms
 I ever find a sure retreat:
 There, without the learned line,
 In search of truth I muse alone;
 Not with pedantic pride to shine,
 But make her sacred rules my own :
 Then History and Fable, join'd
 With ancient Wit, impress my mind.

XII.

Here I the Grecian sage behold,
 Of an injurious doom the sport ;
 Amid his shipwreck calmly bold,
 And cautious in the peaceful port :
 Triumphant o'er the storms, that shake
 Inferior souls, his virtues rise ;
 And, for his cruel country's sake,
 The pleasures of the great despise ;
 Pleasures how mean, compar'd with those
 My cool refreshing shade bestows.

XIII.

Sequester'd thus from dread alarms,
 Ingenious leisure I enjoy ;
 No horrid sounds of clashing arms
 My silence and my bliss annoy :
 My heart, enamour'd of my lyre,
 No other vain ambition moves,
 Than to record with rapt'rous fire
 The blessing it so dearly loves :
 Hence Fortune, Favour, treach'rous all !
 The world to me is but a ball.

XIV.

Beneath whatever distant sky,
In search of fav'rite views, I stray,
No beauties strike my gazing eye
Like those my happy scenes display :
Ah ! when the fable hand of Death
My solitary life shall close,
There may I draw my latest breath,
And there my silent dust repose ;
There Thyrsis sprinkle o'er my bier
The tribute of a friendly tear !

O D E II.

T O A D O V E *.

MELANCHOLY pris'ner! late
Tenant of the mountains lone;
How I deplore thy hapless fate,
And in thy sorrows mourn my own!

Sweet Dove! thy pity-moving tale
Sounds more grateful to mine ear
Than serenade of nightingale,
The dark wood's wakeful chorister.

What ruthless hand, poor mourner, say!
Thy careless innocence betray'd;
And from thy native, moss-grown spray,
And cloud-envelop'd haunts convey'd?

B

* Written in the West Indies, where there is a species
of doves that coo in the night.

Never, O never, to return
To yon blue romantic grove,
To cheer thy widow'd mate forlorn,
That calls thee with unwearied love.

With her no more the callow brood
To tend, and anxious pleasures share;
Whose ceaseless cry, well understood,
Implores each tender parent's care.

With her no more the tepid void
To trace, on equal pinions borne
O'er streams, and woods, and valleys wide,
Till Ev'ning warns you to return.

With her no more in green retreat
To sit, the pale moon riding high,
And listen to thy cooing mate,
And to thy list'ning mate reply.

Oft has the benighted swain,
(Unobserv'd the shades among),
When wand'ring homeward from the plain,
Paus'd to learn the solemn song;

And, fix'd in contemplation deep,
 With folded arms and stedfast eyes
 Has stood; nor felt the moist tears creep,
 Nor mark'd th' involuntary sighs,

Issuing responsive from his breast;
 Wet with the dank, unwholesome dews;
 Unmindful of his needed rest,
 His prattling babes, and pensive spouse.

III. AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

AUTUMN, in rose of ruffet dye,
Be thou my penfive theme!
No fleeting cloud disturbs the fky,
No gale the polifh'd fteam.

And, lo, the villas and the farms,
How beauteous in decay!
Scarce more a fummer-landscape charms,
With living verdure gay.

Now to the glimm'ring fun the vines
Their purple clufters hold;
And now the pendant apple fhines
With coral and with gold.

And rooks diftend their clam'rous throats,
As thro' the fky they rove;
And the lone redbreaf tunes his notes,
Sole warbler of the grove.

Say, gentlest of the feather'd kind,
 Whom no rude hand annoys ;
 Does thy sweet music fill the wind
 With sorrows or with joys ?

Dost thou admire a tarnish'd thorn,
 That marks the drooping year ?
 Or chide the dew-besprinkled Morn,
 And Winter, frowning near ?

Prophetic, mourn the dreary hours,
 When to our gazing eyes,
 As by enchantment, spires and tow'rs,
 And wider heav'ns, shall rise ?

Ah ! when impetuous storms descend,
 And bow the leafless tree,
 Beneath my roof there dwells a friend
 To innocence and thee.

There, undisturb'd, my little guest
 Shall peck his simple food ;
 And, when soft passions warm his breast,
 Fly to the tuneful wood.

But, oh! that object pains my sight,
And tears my very heart!
A swallow, twitt'ring for its flight,
Impatient to depart.

When laughing Summer cheers the ground
With zephyrs in her train,
Which of the plummy race is found
More constant to the plain?

But soon there comes a nipping air,
And all the tribe are gone—
Just emblem of the wrongs I bear,
Condemn'd to fight alone.

O D E IV.

I.

“ **A**ND art thou come, ere Zephyr mild
“ Has wak’d the blackbird’s vernal strain?
“ Alas! thou com’st, my beauteous child,
“ Where Poverty her iron reign
“ Extends, more bleak and cruel far
“ Than winter, or the northern star:
“ Yet cease those cries, that all my pity move;
“ Tho’ cold the hearth, my bosom burns with love.

II.

“ Soon will the icy brooks renew
“ Their liquid sport, and, murm’ring, flow;
“ Pale primroses and violets blue
“ Beneath yon spangled hawthorns blow;
“ And soon, perchance, the mighty Queen,
“ Who governs this terrestrial scene,
“ Will bend, propitious, to my plaintive lyre,
“ And bless with patronage thy hapless fire.”

III.

While thus an hesitating tear
Glitter'd with hope and lively thought,
The Goddess with the wheel drew near,
And, laughing, gave the boon I fought :
O fatal boon indeed ! Farewell
The rural comforts, not the cell ;
The sweets of Liberty, that never cloy ;
Bright Hope, domestic Peace, and friendly Joy !

IV.

Once more, dread Deity ! behold
My incense on thy altar laid ;
Not for promotion, fame, or gold,
I now invoke thy pow'rful aid :
Ah ! give me back the honest frown,
The eye, the accent, all my own ;
My dear, my long-lost liberty restore ;
Ah ! give me back myself ; I ask no more.

F I N I S.

